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Compilation, and tributes to
my ancestors.

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Ella M. Hostetter,

Mrs. Max A. Hostetter)
Shelton, Neb.



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MICHAEL DEBOLT
AND HIS DESCENDANTS

BY ONE OF THEM

ELLA M. (DOGGETT) HOSTETLER

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AN APPRECIATION

I am deeply grateful to Miss Mary Sterling of Masontown, Pennsylvania, who is a relative and a genealogist of distinction, for assistance in tracing out these family records, to Mrs. W. W. Darrall and family of Masontown and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoner of Uniontown for their generous hospitality while I was engaged with this work.

ELLA M. (DOGGETT) HOSTETLER.



ELLA M. (DOGGETT) HOSTETLER

MICHAEL DEBOLT AND HIS DESCENDENTS

Michael DeBolt came to America according to Rupp's list of early Pennsylvania Settlers (page 135) the 3rd of September, 1739, on the ship, "Robert and Alice," with Walter Goodman, Commander, from Rotterdam.

Michael DeBolt was descended from the French Huguenots, and it is more than likely that the severe persecutions of his ancestors caused him and a brother to seek a country of freedom.

On landing in Philadelphia, he at once took the oath of allegiance to America. His signature, very well written in doing so, has been preserved and filed with many others in the Old Records Department of the Pennsylvania State Library at Harrisburg. I sought a copy of it and secured it through the courtesy of the librarian and the clerk.

It is not positively known where Michael DeBolt was located during the interval between his arrival in 1739 and his application for surveying his land in 1773. Judge Veech in his history said, "it is likely that Michael DeBolt and others took 'Squatters Rights' at first."

Another history states, "the French were different from most of the other early Pennsylvania emigrants who arrived, from the fact that they were eager to get away from the city as speedily as possible, and push on into the interior, in the wilderness to establish homes."

Tradition gives it that he was in the locality where he is later known to have lived as early as 1768. He may have been there earlier.

Some people living in Masontown, Pennsylvania, today by the name of DeBolt say in their childhood the name was pronounced as if spelled "Tiebolt," and from that fact, and the following account I am inclined to believe he was there much earlier than 1768. Henning's Statutes at Large, Vol. 8., page 127, for 1764 to '73 of Augusta county, Virginia, (which included part of southwestern Pennsylvania at that time) in its record of Robert

Brackenride's company of militia in 1758 states, "Michael Tiebolt was paid ten pounds," but does not specify what for. Part of the article reads, "and they (the commissioners) shall pay any claims that may be produced to them, for provisions furnished the volunteers, and captains on their return from Pittsburg to the Virginia Colony."

As this route would be almost directly in line with where it is known he later lived, and too, from the fact that he is said to have always lived on neighborly and friendly relations with the Indians, I am inclined to believe he lived there at that time, and provided provisions for the soldiers, rather than that he served as a soldier.

By trade he was a gunsmith.

A warrant for a patent to land was issued to Michael DeBolt in Philadelphia in these words, "1st April, 1773, The Hon. Richard Penn, Esquire, (who was the youngest son of William Penn), Lieutenant Governor of the late Province of Pennsylvania, by virtue of certain powers, granted to Michael DeBolt to be surveyed, one hundred acres of land on Catt's Run, on the east side of the Monongahela river subject to the purchase money, and so forth.

This tract of land was called "St. Michaels" in the patent. It is in German township, and in the present Fayette county. Before it was called Fayette, it was Bedford. German township and Fayette county were organized at the same time in 1787. "His Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, Esqr., who was President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania," signed the patent in clear, even, and excellent writing, the 25th day of October, 1787, and in the twelfth year of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

A copy of the above is recorded in Patent Book "P," Vol. 11, Page 318, in the Department of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, and the original parchment or patent is in the possession of a bank cashier in Masontown, who says he will

never part with it, and regards it as he would his very life.

His father bought the Michael DeBolt farm and there he was born more than fifty years ago. The farm is still the property of his brother and himself. The patent had been left in a desk and thrown out with "other rubbish." He found it, secreted it and kept the knowledge of it even from his brothers for many years. He loves it because it is old and at one time of great value; he loves it because it was his find; there are no family ties binding it to him, yet he fairly worships it. He was a stranger to me when I went to his bank to make some inquiry about the farm. I gave him some information about it he had not known. He became interested and told me if I would call there later he would show me some old historic papers. I went and he handed me the patent of my ancestors. I did not know it was in existence and the sensations I experienced in holding in my hand that parchment which had been handled by so many of my ancestors can never be described, nor even understood, except by one placed in a similar position.

Last year I called on the cashier again. I had copied the copy of the patent at Harrisburg, but I wanted to copy the original, for in the copy Benjamin Franklin's signature was typed. In the original it was written by his own hand. I wanted to copy that and was given the privilege, but being a stranger to him, he took great precautions lest his precious document might run off. I copied it at a desk in an outer office enclosed by a railing which has a gate with a spring lock. After I was seated and ready for work the locked gate was well tested as to its strength. It was a laughing matter to me, and yet it was the strongest proof he could have given of his loyalty to our old family heirloom and I am indeed grateful that he has preserved it. It could not have been better preserved in any other hands.

What is now Fayette county, Pennsylvania, was in early times the French and Indian battleground. Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia all claimed it, and in that county George Washington lost his first and only battle, at Fort Necessity.

About the time the patent was granted, Michael DeBolt sold the one hundred acres it covered to George DeBolt of what relation we do not know.

I have copied in the Court House at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, the county seat of Fayette, every record bearing on any of my ancestors there I could find. Among them the maps of the surveys made of their lands, and wish they might all be included in this sketch.

Michael DeBolt's son, Michael DeBolt, Jr., was granted a patent by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the 14th of September, 1796, to two hundred and ninety-four acres of land in a tract called "Clear Springs" which he was to hold in trust for his father's heirs.

Michael DeBolt, Sr., died about 1795. His minor children only are mentioned in the county records. His wife's name was not found. Possibly she died first as the records for the year 1796, in the Orphan's Court names as minor children, Catherine, who later married George Mason and lived in Allegheny county; Michael, Jr., who was born in 1774; Madaline, or as she was often called Micklin, who married William Ecklson and lived in Beaver county, and Mary. In 1800 Michael DeBolt, Jr., was made administrator of his father's estate and the court records show that he paid to each heir one hundred and thirteen pounds and ten shillings.

Michael DeBolt, Jr., married Abalona Yeager—a German lady—the daughter of Joseph Yeager, who was a Revolutionary soldier and one of the very early settlers of Springhill township in Fayette county. All county records concerning him show him to have been a man of means, of good sound business judgment and a man of affairs.

He was one of the trustees in purchasing the land for the Lutheran church and cemetery near Masontown. This church is said to have been one of the very first churches erected west of the Allegheny mountains.

JOSEPH YEAGER
Revolutionary Soldier



Descendants—Ella M. (Doggett)
Hostetler (right) and Goldie (Mrs.
Wayne) Darrall (left).

Joseph Yeager lived to the age of 98 years. He was born in 1740 and died in 1838. He is buried in the cemetery he helped to locate. His grave is fittingly marked with a tombstone which is yet in fairly good condition. It probably was placed there soon after his death. He died in the home of his son-in-law, Michael DeBolt, in a two-story red brick house, very common in those days in that country. Today it is well preserved and is about a half mile, "as the crow flies," from Masontown.

Michael DeBolt and his wife, Abalona (Yeager) DeBolt, were the parents of a large family. Joseph married a Ralphsni-der; Catherine married a Shuck; Eva married a Stone and Mary (my grandmother) married Squire Huffman; Rosina, who was baptized in 1811 and married William Altman on whose farm we

are informed the town of Wauseon, Ohio, was located; Naomi married John Newcommer; Elizabeth married a Sangston; George is not recorded as married; Henry married Elizabeth Richey September 18, 1834; Solomon born 1816, died 1819, and John born 1803 died in six days.

Some Masontown people talk of what they have heard of the hospitality of Michael DeBolt's home.

Michael DeBolt was an industrious, big-hearted farmer, never so happy as with his family about him and as many more as could gather in.

Near the home he built a great barn, and much of the timber in it was of walnut and other valuable woods. An orchard was planted above the house and nearby was a very large spring of clear, sparkling water, and a spring house close by. The first time I visited the spring tears rained from my eyes as I went down the steps and thought of the many times my mother's pattering feet as a child had passed that way, for it was there she and her sister lived after they were motherless. Then there must have been trees all about them; now there are none, save in the orchard.

On my last visit—1925—I found the wind had secured sufficient sweep over those naked hills to blow down the famous old barn, and in taking the coal from under the land in this one of the richest coal fields of the United States, the surface had dropped sufficiently to cause the great spring to entirely disappear, and now the owners have had to pipe lines from the town for water.

When Henry, the youngest son of Michael DeBolt, was in business in Masontown, he signed a contract with the builders of the National Pike to supply the workers through Fayette county with all the pork needed to feed them. The demand was too great. He lost all he had in trying to meet his contract. Then his father was taxed to the utmost to assist him, and finally signed his name as security for him. With the usual result, the wrecking of a home and all earthly possessions.

The National Pike was begun in 1811 and completed in 1818, and from that time until 1852 it was the one great highway over which passed the bulk of trade and travel and also the mails between the east and the west.

It was in 1843 that the final crash came to the DeBolt family and the security debt had to be paid. Michael DeBolt left the home of his ancestor—the only home he had ever known—and the only home of his own he was ever to know, and with his family and his son, Henry, and his family, they went away entirely empty-handed, leaving even the spoons, knives and forks. He said they were justly another's and the long-prized patent was left in the desk.

A veil has kindly been drawn over their departure, which hides it entirely from our view. We were too young to be told of these things when our mother died, and we did not come in touch with any of the family again until my first visit to Mason-town in 1918, and now I love it so much I go there every year. We have no knowledge of how the exiles reached Adams county, Ohio, and the little country place calley "Tranquility."

It was considered too great a burden to care for both children longer under the circumstances, so before they left Pennsylvania, my mother was sent to an aunt in northern Ohio. She was compelled to bear burdens she was unaccustomed to, and beyond her strength. She was found one day at a spring where her aunt had sent her to do the family washing. The country was still a wilderness, abounding in wolves. She was overcome with fear. Mr. James Sparks, a friend of Michael DeBolt, and who formerly lived in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, discovered her in this plight, and picked her up, placed her behind him on his horse and took her to her grandparents in southern Ohio. Then he and his wife, who had no children, took her to their own home. She lived with them until her marriage, giving and receiving the affection of a real daughter. She was married from their home, the "Denny House," in Hillboro, Ohio, June 20, 1855.

Henry DeBolt remained with his parents in Adams county, Ohio, for ten years, then moved with his family to Holt county, Missouri.

Michael DeBolt was sixty-nine years of age when he left his only home and like his Huguenot ancestors, he started out from Pennsylvania he hardly knew where, but remained in Ohio with his wife and granddaughter, Eva, after his son's departure. Eva died in 1854 and Michael, who had given up all for the sake of honor, followed her in 1859. Henry returned for his mother and took her to his home in Missouri. She died October 21, 1861, and is buried there in Fairview graveyard. How scattered this once happy family were at last!

For many years I had a great desire to find the graves of this honorable and kind old man and my aunt, his granddaughter, and in 1919 the way was made for me to do so. I had never heard their graves were marked, but I found them side by side with two pretty white marble tombstones (white after all these years) under a large maple tree near the church in the "Tranquility" churchyard in Adams county, Ohio.

The inscription on one reads:

Michael DeBolt
Died May 21, 1859
Aged 85 yrs.
& 9 ds.

On the other:

Eva E.
Daughter
Squire and Mary Huffman
Died
April 10, 1854
Aged 21 Years
11 m's and 3 ds.

It is my belief that my mother had the two stones placed

at those graves.

My grandmother, Mary DeBolt, was born March 24, 1809. Married Squire Huffman March 19, 1829. She died February 16, 1833, and is buried in the Lutheran cemetery at Masontown, Pennsylvania, beside her two young brothers, and not far from her grandfather, Joseph Yeager. She left two young daughters, Mary Ellen (my mother), and Eva Elizabeth, a babe.

The inscription on her tombstone reads:

In Memory of Mary Huffman, Consort of Squire Huffman
Daughter of Michael and Abalona DeBolt
Who departed this life February 16, 1833
Aged 23 years, 10 months and 22 days
Death is a debt to nature due, which I have paid,
and so must you.

My mother, Mary Ellen Huffman, was born July 13, 1830. She married Cary Armstead Doggett June 20, 1855, in Hillsboro, Ohio. She died April 7, 1866, and is buried in the Hillsboro cemetery. She left two children, Martha Luella Doggett, born August 25, 1856; Charles Brownell Doggett born January 26, 1858, who died May 13, 1874, and is buried beside our mother.

Before my brother, Charlie, reached the age of 14, he had chiseled (under instructions) on a block of marble the flag of the United States. It is well done and one of my most treasured possessions. Ill health prevented him from doing more. He died at the age of 17. He had blue eyes, and fine features. His hair like his disposition was full of the sunshine color. He had the quiet dignity of our mother and was a student.

Martha Luella Doggett (always called Ella) married Max A. Hostetler, September 21, 1880. There are no children and their residence since marriage has been Shelton, Nebraska.

Our mother's father, Squire Huffman, was the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier, John Huffman, of Bedford county, later Fayette. Bedford county then embraced all of southwestern Pennsylvania. In 1773 Westmorland county was erected

from it and in 1787 Fayette county. The official tax rolls of Bedford county for 1773 shows that John Huffman was one of the early settlers, and there as early as 1772. Judge Veech in his history, "The Monongahela of Old" also mentions him as one of the first settlers. Squire Huffman died from cholera at Port Hudson, Louisiana, about 1850.

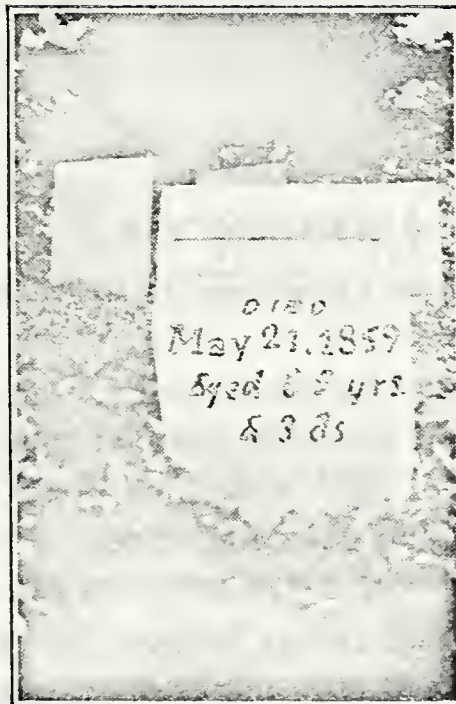
Our father, Cary Armstead Doggett, was born April 23, 1827, in Hillsboro, Ohio, in his father's log tavern, called "The Eagle," one of the first built in the town, and twenty-nine years later his daughter, Ella, was born on the same location, but in a new brick building called "The Ellicott House."

Cary Armstead Doggett died at Hyde, Colorado, June 22, 1887, in a railroad town located on his land. He is buried there. He was in the Mexican War as a sergeant through 1846-47. In the Civil War he was a first lieutenant in the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. His captain and friend was Martin Buck of Hillsboro.

Cary Armstead Doggett's father, Armstead Doggett, served as a non-commissioned officer in the War of 1812 under two enlistments from Culpeper county, Virginia. He is buried in Hillsboro, Ohio, on my father's burial lot. Armstead's father, James Doggett, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War from Virginia and James' father, "George Doggett, Planter," was commissioned a lieutenant in 1741 in Orange county, Virginia.

As the last living member of Michael DeBolt, Sr. and Michael DeBolt, Jr., through my grandmother, Mary (DeBolt) Huffman's branch of that family, I have written out this history of honorable Huguenot descendents. It may interest other branches of the family and be the means of reuniting them, but my main purpose has been to give to history these facts as far as I have been able to find them and above all to give due credit to these two courageous men who had their place in the history-making of this country.

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MY MOTHER

MARY ELLEN (HUFFMAN) DOGGETT

Through whom I inherited ancestry to the Michael DeBolt family, and, as I knew her, for nine and one-half years until she was called to her Heavenly home in 1866.

The memory of her is as strong today as though the sixty years intervening had been but yesterday.

She was only 36 years of age at the time she left us. She was as fine in appearance as she was in character, and though we were only children, we looked upon our mother with just pride and admiration.

She was, perhaps, about five feet and seven inches tall, and in health weighed 150 pounds. She was straight. She had black hair and brown eyes, eyes that always seemed to look deep down into our own as if to read our inmost thoughts. We knew then; I know it today, that they spoke as nothing else could to us her desire to have us be all that she wished in goodness, kindness and loving obedience. I am sure she was never once disappointed in my brother. He was like her in all things and always made her

happy, while I never knowingly was disrespectful to her, I caused her grief by running away, by climbing trees and falling from them, often being badly hurt and engaging in boys' games.

She lived ahead of her time in many ways, in the thoughts she expressed, the things she did and her study not common in those days, particularly the study of medicine which she took up before she became a homemaker that she might be able to care properly for her household.

She was absolutely fearless in entering a home where there was disease of any nature and once when smallpox came in the home of a friend across the alley, she sent us children to relatives in the country and went to that home and cared for her friend until she was well.

She seemed proof against disease herself. It was only at the last when lung trouble attacked her from watching by many bedsides that she was forced to yield.

No home had been poor enough to keep her away, if the need was there.

She was especially tender and kind to elderly people, her early childhood had been spent with them and she had learned to take upon herself responsibilities and keep her heart atune with joy and cheer that they might be made happier.

In one thing, I am like my mother. In her hearty laughing she always cried.

She was married in 1855 and soon after that the whole country was torn asunder by events leading to the Civil War in 1861. We lived near the "border" in southern Ohio, causing problems not found generally. With her three-year-old baby son, Charlie, in her arms and me, not yet five years old, clinging to her skirt, we stood on the depot platform and waved goodbye to our father as he went off to war as a first lieutenant in the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

In 1862 he was with General Grant at Corinth, Mississippi. Water conditions were bad. He contracted typhoid fever and was

sent to Louisville, Kentucky, and our mother went to him, taking a supply of fresh linen. She nursed him back to health and when he was able to be moved, took him home. When he was well he was appointed deputy provost marshal and served until the close of the war.

Our mother was intensely patriotic and that spirit helped her over many rough places during those dark days.

Many women brought their letters from the battle fronts to her to be deciphered and read. Many came to her for information, for she kept well informed. To others she gave food, clothing and consolation.

If she had stronger sympathy with one class of unfortunates than another, it was for the motherless children and many were comforted in their last hours by her promise to try to provide homes for their children. This she did in a number of cases. That was before there were many public children's homes in this country.

In religion, our mother was a devoted member of the Baptist church. Her church and her Bible were her staffs of life.

She was my father's second wife, but the family of his first wife's father, Squire William Richards (of whom there were none superior in southern Ohio), took her at once to their hearts and homes as their very own. The affection shown between them brings happiness to me today. It was always beautiful to see and is beautiful to remember.

They were devoted to each other at all times and when she left us they took us children to their home for a time. Many of them have "passed on" but there is a "tie that binds" for all time to those who are left.

Our mother did very beautiful sewing by hand. She never owned a sewing machine and when she made her wedding dress, a pearl-colored silk, it was all made by hand. The forms in the back of the bodice (which I now have) were as neatly stitched as any machine today could do it.

When Thanksgiving Day came, she neatly folded her work in her basket and rested as she did on Sunday.

She often taught us children lessons for life through the stories she told. One day while she was so engaged our father passed through the room and while he did not stop nor make any comment, I considered it a great intrusion. We were so intent in listening to her that I resented his appearance at all, being much like him he evidently understood my look of resentment, smiled and passed on into another room, carefully closing the door after him. He knew he had no place in that hallowed spot just then. He knew what we did not know and I wonder now if he did not pass through to see how our mother's strength was holding out.

One of her stories that day made a deep impression on my life. Street lamps were not yet common and she pictured elderly people, some crippled, some infirm, trying to find their way about on dark nights, over rough and uneven streets with no light to aid or guide them. That picture caused me great sympathy and distress. Our home had inside shutters and she said to us "always leave the upper shutters open at night to light the way for old people," and to this day, in spite of electric lights along our streets, I invariably try to have the light shine out from our home for a time every evening, in memory of her wishes.

The moral of another story was, no matter how uncouth or rough looking a person may appear, they may be thoroughly good at heart, so she told us not to mistreat such a person, and especially, not to fear them. I do not recall her telling us stories again. I think it was the last time she was able to be up.

I know now, though, she was so cheery and bright that day with us that she knew the parting time was near, and so with the courage of her Huguenot ancestors, the DeBolts, she was trying to prepare us to carry on, and be unafraid.

The greatest blessing in life is the noble character of a good Christian mother, and such was our mother.

ELLA M. (DOGETT) HOSTETLER.

